



THOMAS, KUPPERBERG & DEZUNIGA

75¢
66
FEB 87

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

ALL-STAR SQUADRON



THE ORIGIN OF
TARANTULA™

Art by
DeZuniga



AN APRIL NIGHT IN MANHATTAN, 1942,
WHILE ALL THE WORLD'S AT WAR!

MOVE IT,
YOU MUGS!
THAT ALARM YOU
SET OFF'S GONNA
BRING THE COPS!
CERTAIN!

KLANG-A
KLANG-A
KLANG-A

HUH? WHERE'D ALL
THIS STRINGY STUFF
COME FROM?

IT'S
STICKIN'
TO ME--LIKE
GLUE!

NOT LIKE
GLUE, YOU CHEAP
HOOD--

--LIKE A
SPIDER-
WEB!

IN CASE YOU'RE NOT
UP ON YOUR CURRENT
EVENTS--THE NAME'S
TARANTULA!

IT'D BE MUD--
ONLY MY GUN
JAMMED!

SO LONG,
BOYS! SEE YOU
WHEN YOU
GET OUT!

YOU'LL SEE 'EM A
LOT SOONER
THAN THAT,
FELLA.

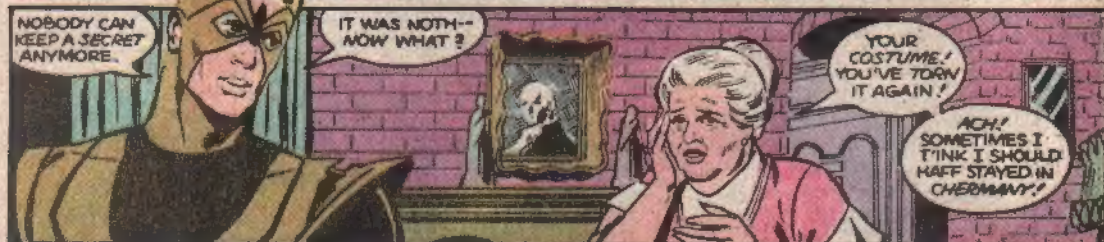
TRY THE
POLICE LOCK-
UP, IN ABOUT
TWENTY
MINUTES!

THWAK!

AROO!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON 66 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ALL-STAR SQUADRON, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, NJ 07024. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1986 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 365 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.

DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company



TALES OF THE
**ALL-STAR
SQUADRON**

BUT THEN, MY WHOLE
LIFE'S BEEN A DREAM
COMING TRUE, HASN'T IT—
NO MATTER WHAT NAME
OR WHICH TARANTULA
OUTFIT I SPORTED
ALONG THE WAY.

WELL, ENOUGH
MOONING AROUND.
GOT TO GET TO
WORK.

I'VE BEEN HITTING
ALL THE OTHER ALL-
STARS UP FOR INFO
ABOUT THEM-
SELVES, INCLUDING
HOW THEY GOT
THEIR START.

MAYBE IT'S HIGH TIME
THE BEST-SELLING AUTHOR TRIED
HIS HAND AT WRITING--

**THE ORIGIN OF
TARANTULA!**

ROY THOMAS
WRITER
ALAN KUPPERBURG
PENCILLER
TONY DEZUNIGA
INKER

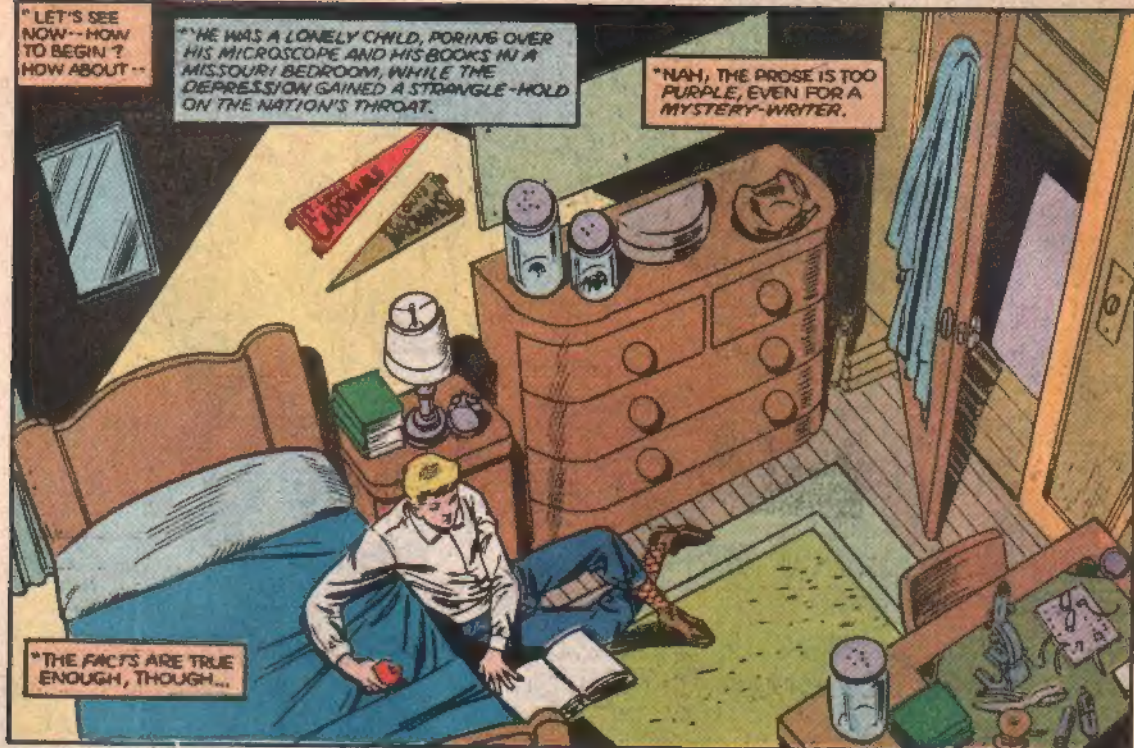
DAVID C. WEISS LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD COLORIST

BASED ON THE STORY IN
STAR-SPANGLED COMICS
#1 BY MORT WEISINGER &
HAL SHARD--AND ON
MATERIAL IN ALL-STAR
SQUADRON #18 BY
ROY THOMAS &
ADRIAN GONZALES

"LET'S SEE NOW--HOW TO BEGIN? HOW ABOUT--"

"HE WAS A LONELY CHILD, PORING OVER HIS MICROSCOPE AND HIS BOOKS IN A MISSOURI BEDROOM, WHILE THE DEPRESSION GAINED A STRANGLE-HOLD ON THE NATION'S THROAT."

"NAH, THE PROSE IS TOO PURPLE, EVEN FOR A MYSTERY-WRITER."



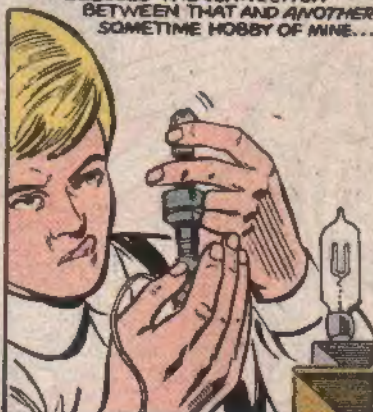
"THE FACTS ARE TRUE ENOUGH, THOUGH..."

"WONDER IF MOM STILL HAS THAT DOG-EARED COPY OF CONAN DOYLE I READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN, TILL THE PAGES WERE FALLING OUT."

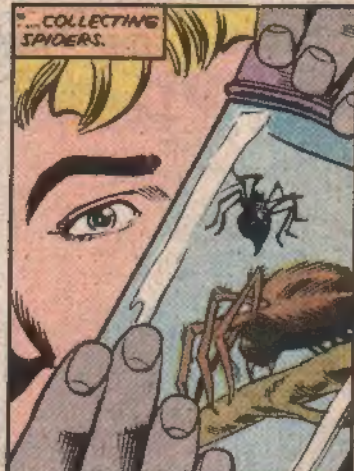
"PROBABLY NOT."



"I WAS A BIT OF A TINKERER, TOO... THOUGH I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT AND ANOTHER SOMETIME HOBBY OF MINE..."



"...COLLECTING SPIDERS."

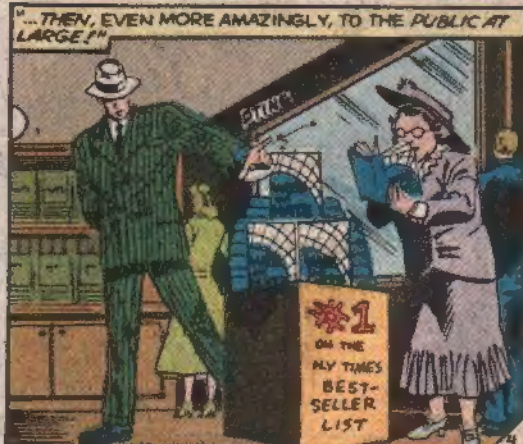


"GROWN-UP TIME. 1938. MOVED TO NEW YORK, MECCA FOR WOULD-BE DOSTOYEVSKIS."

"COMBINED MY LOVE OF WHODUNNITS AND ARACHNIDS, EVEN THREW IN A BIT OF TECHNOLOGY... AND LO AND BEHOLD, THE DAMN THING SOLD... FIRST TO A PUBLISHER..."



"...THEN, EVEN MORE AMAZINGLY, TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE!"



CONTINUED ON 382 PAGE FOLLOWING

"BY THE TIME WEB OF HATE HIT, I HAD ANOTHER NOVEL OR TWO ALREADY IN THE OVEN... AND THEY DID EVEN BETTER. SINCE THEN, THE MONEY'S FLOWED ALMOST AS FREELY AS THE COFFEE, KNOCK ON WOOD.

"PENTHOUSE... CAR... HOUSEKEEPER... FUNNY HOW MANY THINGS CAN BECOME MUST-HAVES, ONCE YOU'RE NO LONGER A HAVE-NOT.



"HOW COULD I KNOW THAT OLGA, WHO'D COME TO AMERICA TO GET AWAY FROM THE NAZIS, WOULD TURN OUT TO BE ONE OF THE FEW ITEMS WORTHY THE FREIGHT?"

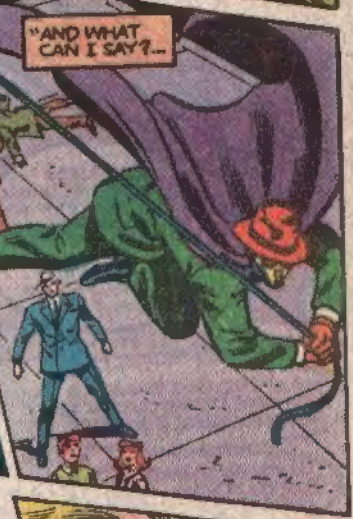
"ANYWAY, I KEPT GRINDING OUT THE WORDAGE, AND FILED MY DEATHLESS MASTERPIECES BETWEEN HAMMETT AND EDGAR WALLACE.

"THEN, LAST SUMMER, I CHANCED TO SEE THE SANDMAN IN ACTION ONE NIGHT.

"THAT'S A WORD I LEARNED IN NEW YORK! CHUTZPAN.



"AND WHAT CAN I SAY?..."



"I WAS HOOKED!"



OLGA--!

JA, MR. LAW? UND DID YOU TINK UP DER IDEA FOR DAT NEW BOOK YOU VAS WORKING ON?

I SURE DID, OLGA...



...AND MAYBE A WHOLE LOT MORE!



"AND SO I BEGAN TO WORK ON TWO IDEAS SIMULTANEOUSLY. ONE, THE LESS PRACTICAL, INVOLVED MY BECOMING A HOODED CRIME-BUSTER MYSELF... AND MENTALLY, I WAS ALREADY THINKING OF USING A SPIDER MOTIF."

"THE SECOND LED ME, A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER, TO A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL D.A.'S DAUGHTER, DIAN BELMONT."

"I'M PLEASED YOU LIKE MY LITTLE SKETCH, MR. LAW."

"TOO BAD THE SANDMAN--THE MAN YOU ASKED ME HERE TO TALK ABOUT--DOESN'T FEEL LIKE WEARING THAT NEW COSTUME I DESIGNED FOR HIM."

"SOME GUYS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY, MISS BELMONT."

"STILL, I APPRECIATE YOUR GIVING ME THIS INTERVIEW AND ALL."

"HOW COULD I RESIST CONTRIBUTING TO A BOOK BY JONATHAN LAW ABOUT THESE MASKED HEROES WHO ARE POPPING UP ALL OVER?"

"ESPECIALLY SINCE THE SANDMAN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST, RIGHT ON THE HEELS OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER."

"BUT IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU'VE BEEN INVOLVED WITH HIM ON SEVERAL--SHALL WE SAY--CAPERS--AS WAS THAT PLAYBOY FRIEND OF YOURS, WESLEY DODDS."

"TOO BAD I WASN'T ABLE TO REACH HIM FOR AN APPOINTMENT, TOO."

"GLAD YOU BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD YOU I'VE NO INTEREST IN TRYING TO LEARN ANY SECRETS YOU CAN'T REVEAL--LET ALONE THE SANDMAN'S TRUE IDENTITY."

"I'M AFRAID WES TRAVELS A LOT--ONE OF THE CURSES OF BEING WEALTHY, I SUPPOSE."

"ANYWAY, THANKS FOR YOUR TIME...AND HERE'S YOUR SKETCH."

"CALL IT JUST A HUNCH, BUT I SUSPECT YOU'LL MAKE BETTER USE OF IT THAN THE SANDMAN EVER WILL."

"GOOD-BYE... AND CALL ME AGAIN, IF I CAN HELP."

"I'D HAVE CALLED HER THE VERY NEXT DAY, AS A MATTER OF FACT... FOR A DATE... IF MY ADVANCE RESEARCH HADN'T ALREADY CONVINCED ME THAT DIAN BELMONT WAS THE SANDMAN'S GIRLFRIEND."

"OF COURSE, IF I'D BEEN REALLY SMART, I'D ALSO HAVE GUESSED THAT WESLEY DODDS WAS HIMSELF THE SANDMAN!"

"WHY DON'T YOU KEEP IT, MR. LAW?"

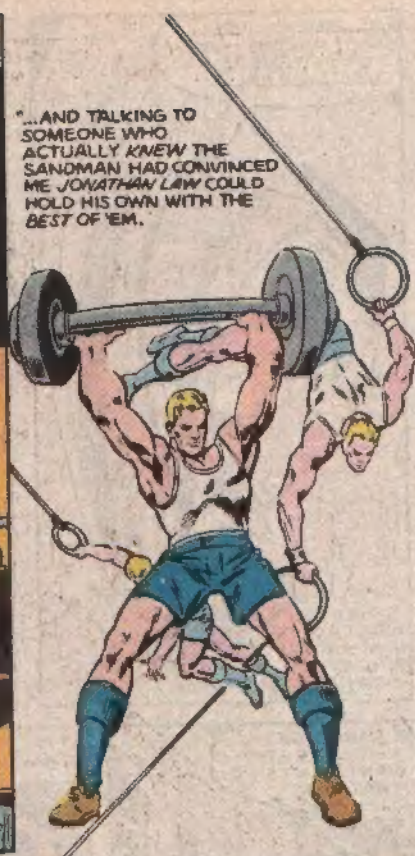
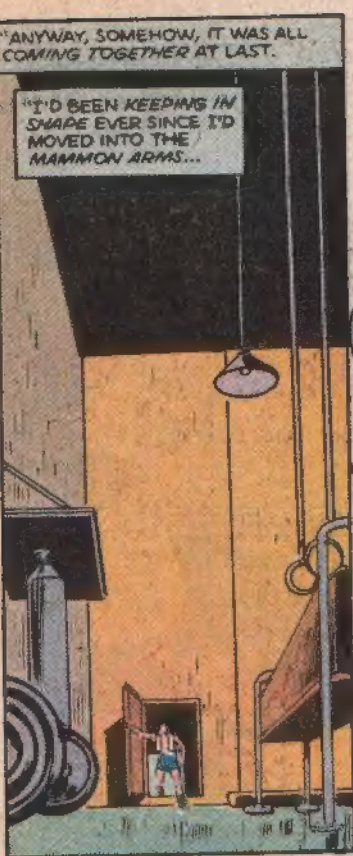
"ANYWAY, SOMEHOW, IT WAS ALL COMING TOGETHER AT LAST.

"I'D BEEN KEEPING IN SHAPE EVER SINCE I'D MOVED INTO THE MAMMON ARMS...

"...AND TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO ACTUALLY KNEW THE SANDMAN HAD CONVINCED ME JONATHAN LAW COULD HOLD HIS OWN WITH THE BEST OF 'EM.

"OF COURSE, I DIDN'T HAVE A GAS-GUN LIKE SANDMAN...OR WINGS LIKE THE HAWKMAN...LET ALONE A MAGIC RING LIKE THE GREEN LANTERN'S,

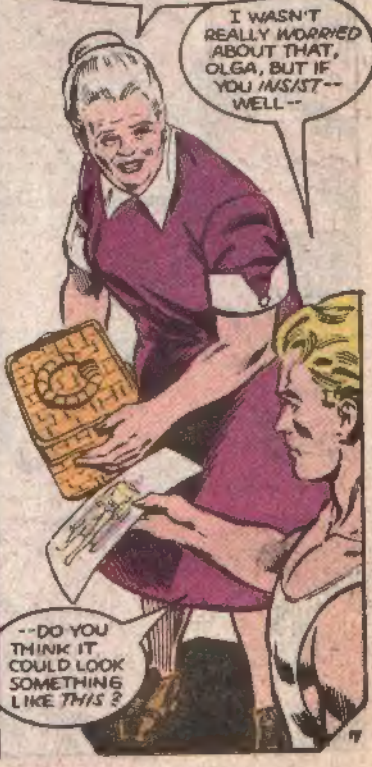
"WHAT I DID HAVE WAS A MIND WHICH ENJOYED TOYING WITH A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM EVERY BIT AS MUCH AS A LITERARY ONE...



"...AND ONE OF THE RESULTS, WHICH I'D BEEN KEEPING SECRET FOR A WHILE, WAS A PAIR OF SUCTION-SOLED SHOES."

"JA, I SEE YOU ARE TAKING DOT SPIDER T'ING MUCH MORE SERIOUS DAN I T'UGHT!

"...I AM GOING TO SEW YOU UN OUTFIT, CHUST LIKE I SAID I WOULD--SO NO ONE VILL T'INK YOU ARE SANDMAN OR VUN OF DOSE UDDER FELLOWS!



HELLO ORGAY!

GOTT IN MIMMEL, MR. LAW-- DON'T SCARE ME DOT WAY!

SORRY, GUESS THIS WOULD GIVE A BODY A START.

UND DOT MEANS CHUST ONE T'ING...

I WASN'T REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THAT, OLGA, BUT IF YOU INSIST-- WELL--

--DO YOU THINK IT COULD LOOK SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

"SHE CAME THROUGH LIKE A CHAMP, OF COURSE--AND I ADDED THE SUCTION CLIPS AND A SORT OF WEBGLUE ON WHICH I'D MADE A RECENT BREAKTHROUGH...

WELL, OLGA? TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

YOU VAS NEFFER LUFFIER, MR. LAW--

--UND DOT'S A FACT!

JA... THANKS, WELL, DON'T WAIT UP-- AND IF MY ESTEEMED PUBLISHER CALLS--

I WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM. BUT YOU BE CAREFUL NOW, JA?

JAWOHL!

"NOTHING HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, AS IT TURNED OUT.

"BUT, THE NEXT..."

POLICE RADIO SAID ONE OF THOSE LEND-LEASE SHIPS WAS AFIRE ON PIER 2!--

--BUT THEY SHOULD'VE SAID "BURNING OUT OF CONTROL!"

GOT TO BE SABOTAGE! SOMEBODY--GUESS WHO-- DOESN'T WANT THAT SHIP TO REACH ENGLAND, AND--

HEY! IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THAT ROADSTER CHARGING ONTO THE DOCK?

VROOOM!

IT IS! IT'S THE SANDMAN!

WHO ELSE'D WEAR A GAS-MASK--NOT TO MENTION AN ORANGE HAT WITH A GREEN SUIT?

HE MUST BE TRYING TO SNIFF OUT NAZI VERMIN, SAME AS ME! WELL, I--*huh?*

WHAT'RE THOSE GUYS DOING LURKING IN THE SHADOWS? I WONDER...

HEINRICH--WE MADE A MISTAKE HANGING AROUND HERE.

JA! IF THE SANDMAN IS HERE--PERHAPS HE ALREADY KNOWS ABOUT US!

(CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING)

"JUST THEN, TRAGEDY STRUCK--
AS THE ROADSTER VEERED
TOWARD THEM--"

"MACH SCHNELL,
YOU FOUR--
SCATTER!"

"WAS IT JUST A
LUCKY SHOT THAT
HIT THE TIRE?"

"I GUESS I'LL
NEVER KNOW."

BAMM!

"I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THAT MASKED
MEDDLER!"

KRASH!

"GOTT IN
HIMMEL!"

"I'D NEVER MET THE
SANDMAN--BUT I
WAS DETERMINED
IT WASN'T GOING
TO BE LUCKY FOR
THOSE SABOTEURS!"

Whop!

THAK!

"RIGHT NOW, I'M
TAKING IT EASY
ON YOU, SCUM."

WAKK!

"BUT IF I FIND OUT THE
SANDMAN'S REALLY
HURT--!"

POW!

"MOMENTS LATER, ONE OF THE NAZIS WAS ABOUT TO PLUG
ME FROM BEHIND WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE--"

"WAS IST DAS?
ANOTHER
ONE--DRESSED
JUST LIKE
THE FIRST?"

FWAP!

"YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN ME COMING
IN YOUR
NIGHTMARES,
RATS."

"ISN'T THAT WHERE
MOST PEOPLE GET
THEIR FIRST
GLIMPSE OF--
THE
SANDMAN?"

"TH- THE SANDMAN?
BUT THEN--WHO'S
THAT WERNER
SHOT?"

OOOF!

BTOX

"ONLY WHEN THOSE NAZIS WERE HUNG OUT TO DRY DID I GET A CHANCE TO SAY SOMETHING TO MY BENEFACTOR

SANDMAN! I GUESS I
DON'T HAVE TO TELL
YOU HOW GLAD I AM
YOU SHOWED UP

BUT HOW COME
YOU'RE IN THAT OUTFIT--
AND WHO'S THAT IN-
SIDE WHAT'S LEFT OF
YOUR ROADSTER?

WE'LL
SETTLE UP
LATER,
BUDDY

RIGHT NOW--
I'VE GOT TO SEE
ABOUT DIAN!

YOU MEAN--
DIAN
BELMONT?

OH GOD--NO!
TELL ME IT
ISN'T--

"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE

DIAN! YOU
CRAZY,
HEADSTRONG
KID--

IF I'D JUST
KNOWN--OR GOTTEN
BACK IN TOWN A
FEW MINUTES
SOONER--!

YOU
KNOW
DIAN?

THEN COME
ON! HELP ME
GET HER OUT
OF THERE!

"I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY

* AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

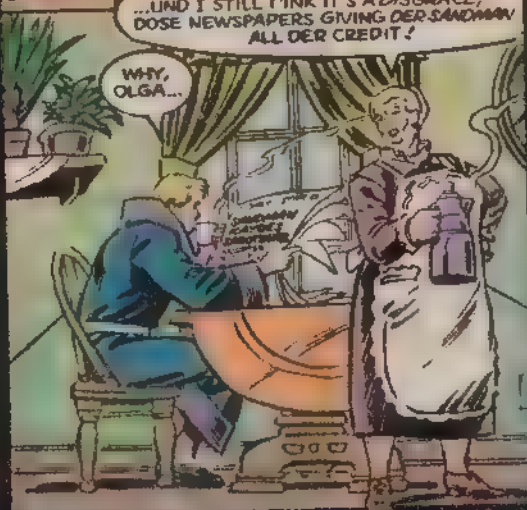
"NEARLY A YEAR LATER

"... I STILL
DON'T."

NEXT MORNING, IT WAS AS IF TARANTULA HAD NEVER EXISTED...

...AND I STILL THINK IT'S A DISGRACE, DOSE NEWSPAPERS GIVING DER SANDMAN ALL DER CREDIT!

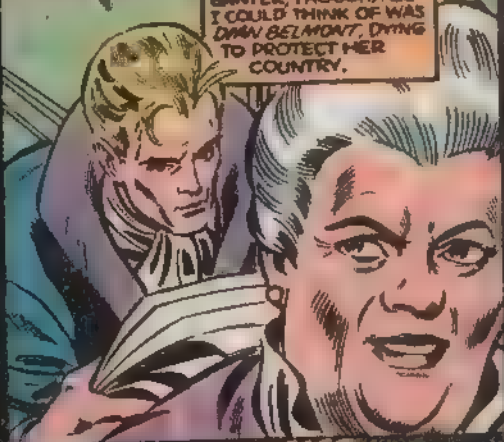
WHY, OLGA...



I DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED MUCH FOR MY PLAYING "MYSTERY-MAN."

I DON'T! BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING TO--!

"UNDERNEATH THE BANTER, THOUGH, ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS DIAN BELMONT, DYING TO PROTECT HER COUNTRY."



THEN, A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER, SHOWS SUDDENLY RANG OUT IN A BROADWAY THEATRE--

Show Me A Rose
GEORGE FELOMAN AND VIVIAN VARLEY



--AND WITHIN, THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY WENT UP, TO REVEAL TO THE STARTLED PATRONS--

SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP--OR I'LL FILL ALL YER HEADS WITH LEAD!

"AT EVERY ENTRANCE, A BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUN KEPT THE POLICE AT BAY..."



"WHILE, IN THE STRONG ROOM--

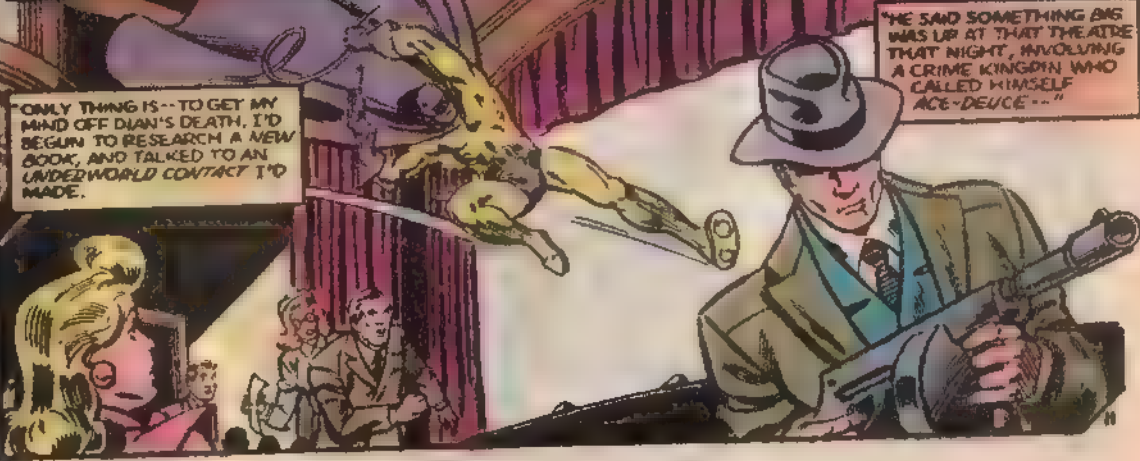
HELLUNA HULL, HUH, ACE-DEUCE?

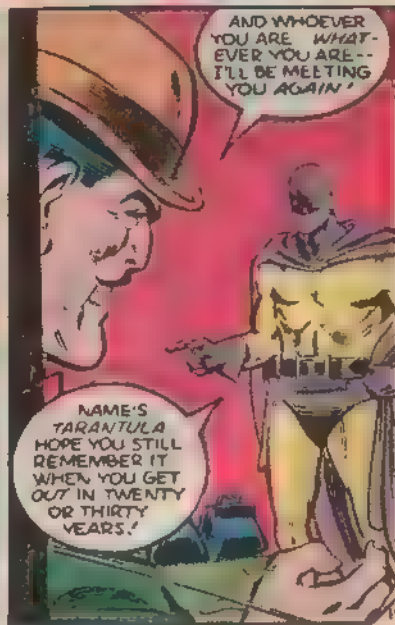
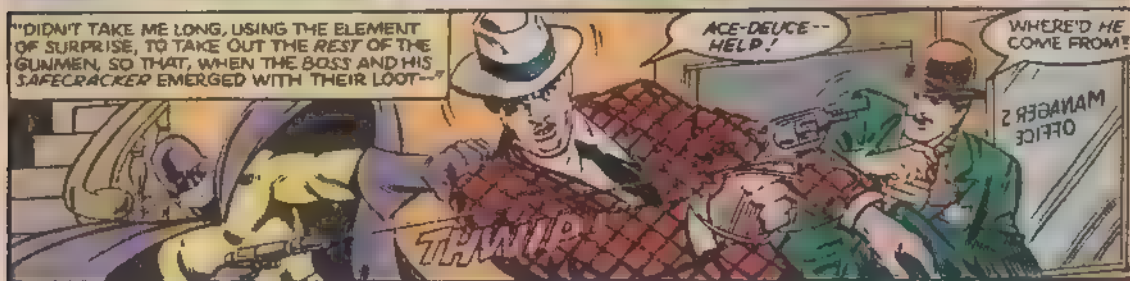
INDEED, TWITCHY! WHY, THERE MUST BE AT LEAST \$20,000 HERE!

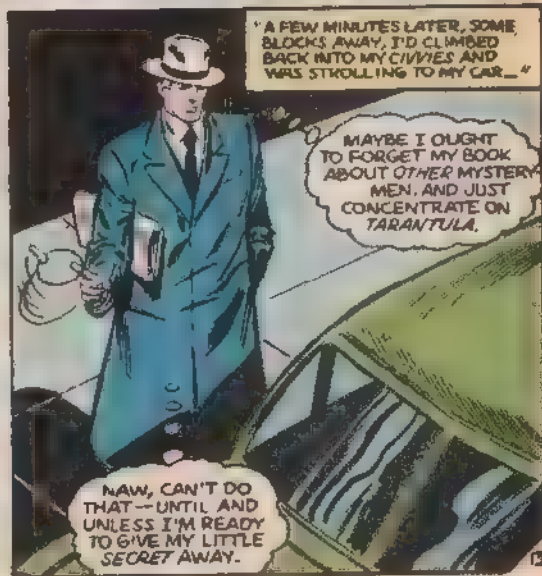
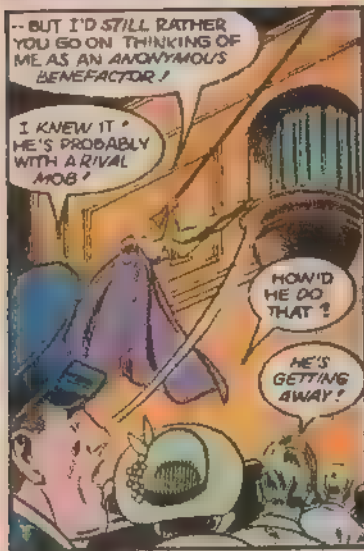
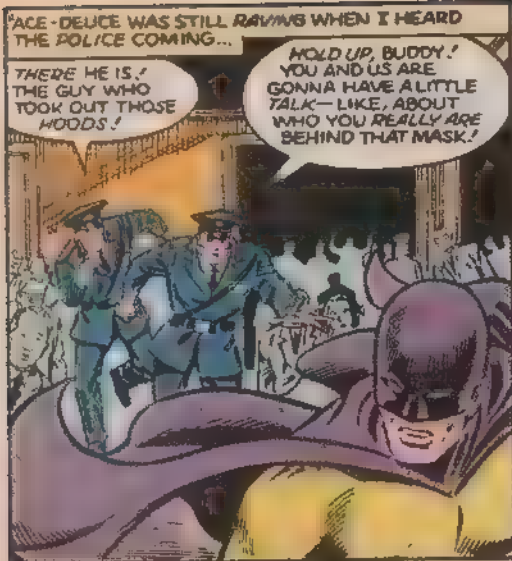


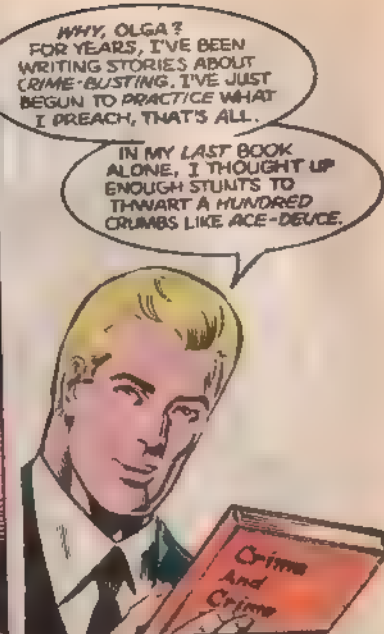
"ONLY THING IS-- TO GET MY MIND OFF DIAN'S DEATH, I'D BEGUN TO RESEARCH A NEW BOOK, AND TALKED TO AN UNDERWORLD CONTACT I'D MADE."

"HE SAID SOMETHING BIG WAS UP AT THAT THEATRE THAT NIGHT, INVOLVING A CRIME KINGDOM WHO CALLED HIMSELF ACE-DEUCE--"

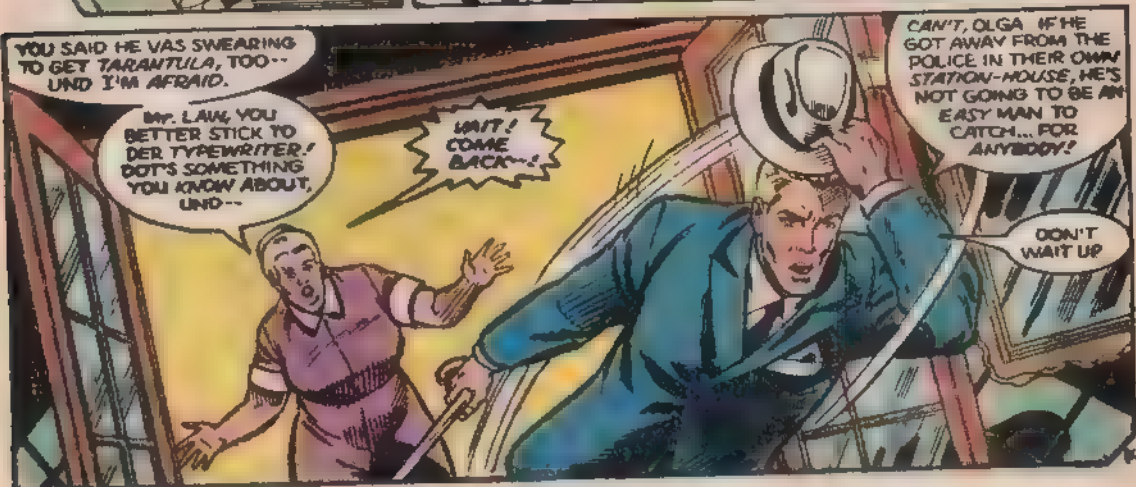
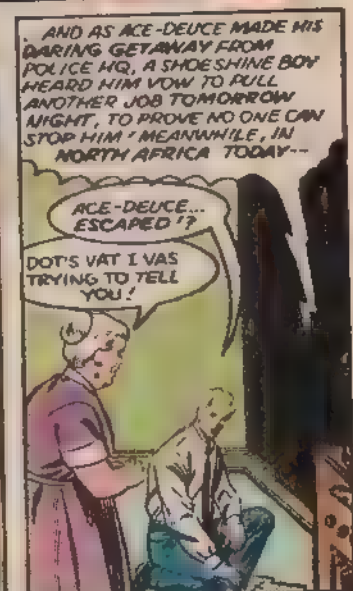
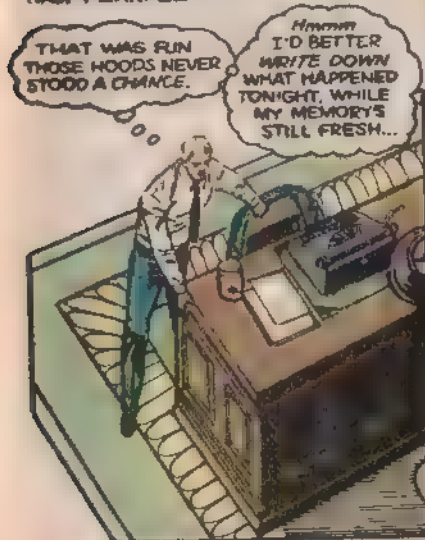








"OLGA WANDERED OFF--HALF PROUD, HALF FEARFUL."



"OF COURSE, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR, BEYOND ACE-DEUCE HIMSELF."

"SO NATURALLY, I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING."

"BUT AT LEAST I GOT IN A LITTLE ROOF-SWINGING PRACTICE, WHICH ISN'T AS EASY AS SANDMAN MADE IT SOUND."

"NEXT NIGHT, I WAS OUT AGAIN--ACTING ON A TIP FROM MY UNDER-WORLD INFORMANT."

"IT HAD COST ME PLENTY THAT AFTERNOON, LET ME TELL YOU."

"BUT LO AND BEHOLD, IT PAID OFF."

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT--ACE-DEUCE IS OFFERIN' TOP DOLLAR TO THE GUY WHO PUTS HIM IN TOUCH WITH PUGS O'BANNON, THE ELEVATOR EXPERT."

BUT I HEARD PUGS WAS OUTTA TOWN...

HE IS OUT OF TOWN, FRIEND.

BUT HE'S ABOUT TO PROVE YOU CAN COME HOME AGAIN...

"SO I DID A MAKEUP JOB ON MYSELF--ANOTHER LITTLE SKILL I'D STUDIED IN PREPARATION FOR NOVEL-WRITING--AND HUNG OUT JUST WHERE ANYBODY'D EXPECT TO FIND--"

PUGS O'BANNON?

AT YOUR SERVICE, GENTS

AND PRETTY SOON ACE-DEUCE WAS ONCE AGAIN FACE TO FACE WITH TARANTULA, EVEN IF HE DIDN'T KNOW IT

PUGS O'BANNON, HUH? LISTEN, I'VE GOT A DEAL FOR YOU.

I'M LISTENING.

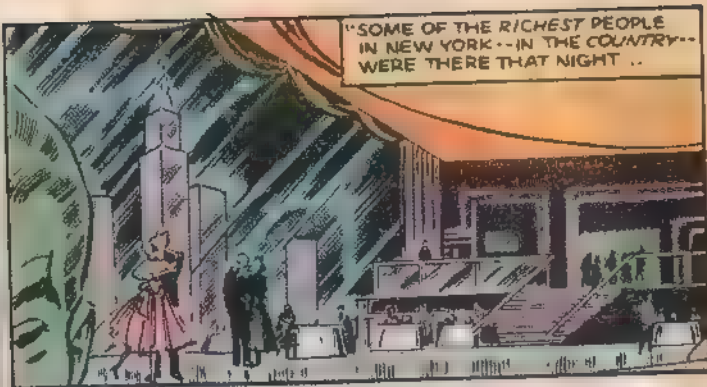
WE'RE PULLING A JOB IN A SKYSCRAPER TONIGHT--AND WHEN WE REACH THE TOP FLOOR, I WANT YOU TO STALL THE ELEVATORS--STALL THEM SO THEY COULDN'T BE STARTED FOR A WEEK!

THAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY, RIGHT?

SO THEY TELL ME.

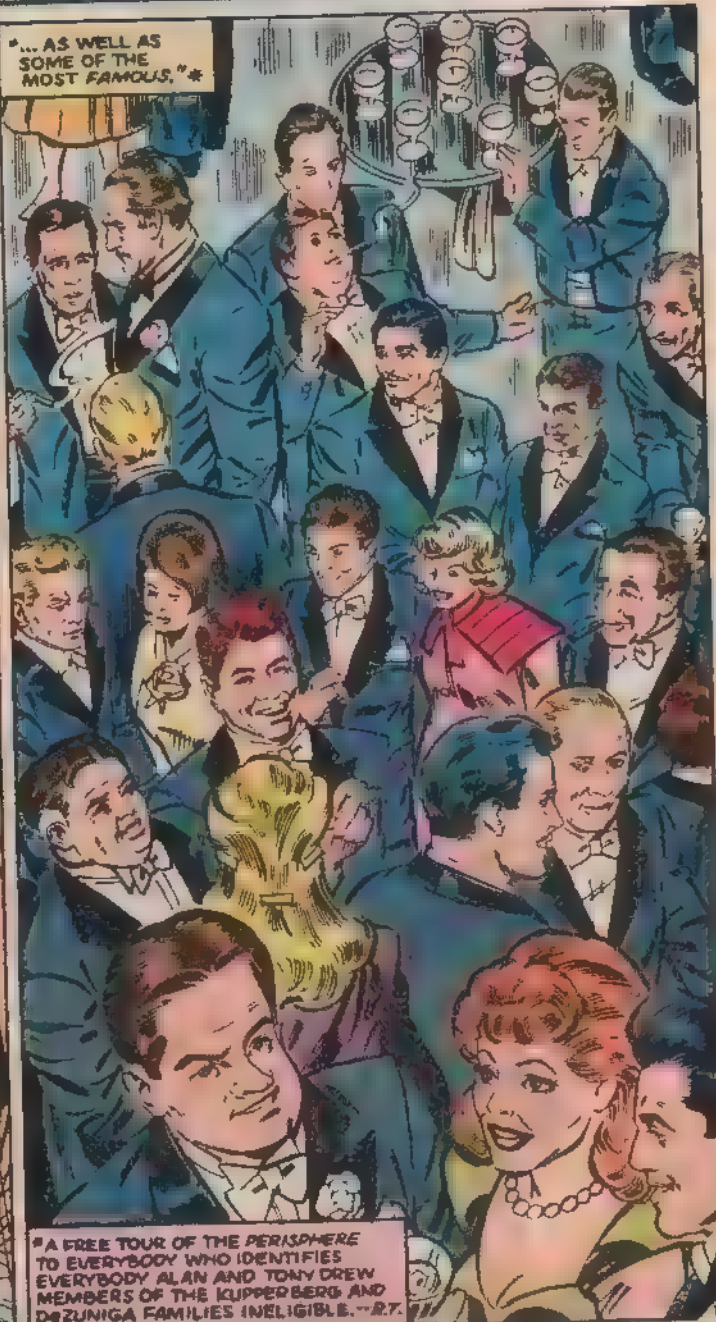
"THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM FOR ME TO TAKE THE BIG MAN, SO I PLAYED ALONG."

"AND GUESS WHAT THE TARGET WAS. A WAR RELIEF PARTY ATOP RADIO CITY!"



"SOME OF THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN NEW YORK--IN THE COUNTRY--WERE THERE THAT NIGHT..."

"...AS WELL AS SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS."*



"A FREE TOUR OF THE PERISPHERE TO EVERYBODY WHO IDENTIFIES EVERYBODY ALAN AND TONY DREW MEMBERS OF THE KUPPERBERG AND DEJUNIGA FAMILIES INELIGIBLE."-R7.

[CONTINUED IN THE PAGE FOLLOWING]



"UP TO A POINT, THINGS WENT SMOOTHLY FOR ACE AND HIS RAT-A-TAT BOYS..."

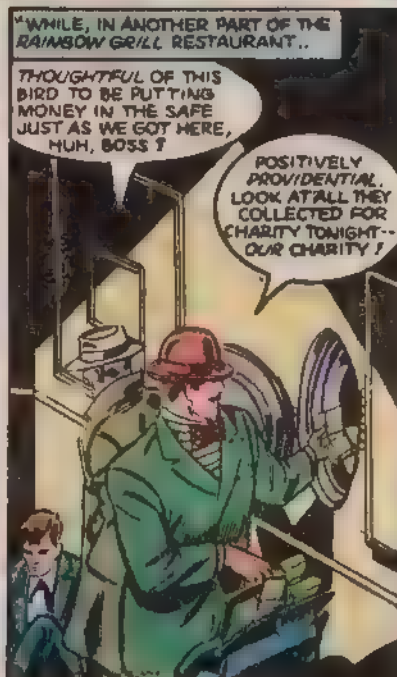
OUT ON THE TERRACE, EVERYBODY-- FAST-- AND LINE UP!

BUT-- THIS DARTY'S FOR BRITISH RELIEF--!



YEAH! WELL, YOU'LL NEED IT FOR YOUR HOSPITAL BILL IF YOU OPEN YOUR YAP AGAIN!

HAND OVER YOUR PERSONAL VALUABLES, TOO-- OR YOU'RE TAKING THE FALL!



"WHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE RAINBOW GRILL RESTAURANT..."

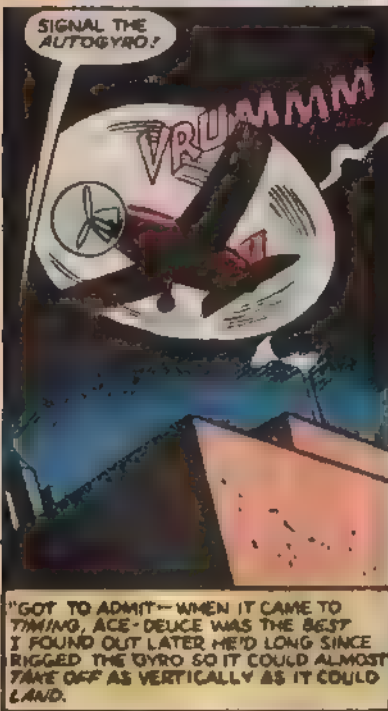
THOUGHTFUL OF THIS BIRD TO BE PUTTING MONEY IN THE SAFE JUST AS WE GOT HERE, MUH, BOSS?

POSITIVELY PROVIDENTIAL. LOOK AT ALL THEY COLLECTED FOR CHARITY TONIGHT-- OUR CHARITY!



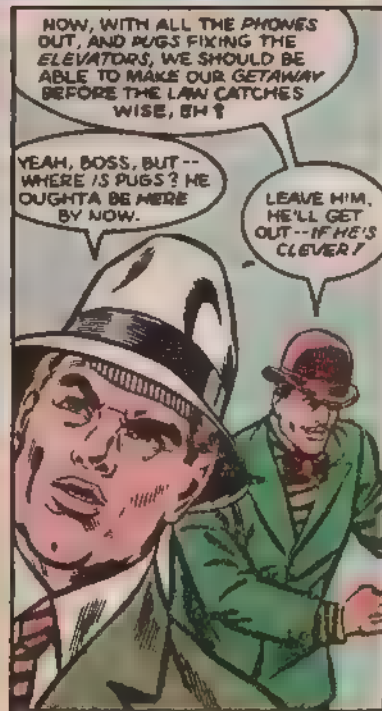
ALL RIGHT, OUT THE OTHER SIDE!

TACKY STAYS HERE WITH THE TOMMY-GUN UNTIL WE'RE SET TO TAKE OFF.



SIGNAL THE AUTOGYRO!

"GOT TO ADMIT-- WHEN IT CAME TO TIMING, ACE-DEUCE WAS THE BEST I FOUND OUT LATER HE'D LONG SINCE RIGGED THE GYRO SO IT COULD ALMOST TAKE OFF AS VERTICALLY AS IT COULD LAND."



NOW, WITH ALL THE PHONES OUT, AND PUGS FIXING THE ELEVATORS, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE OUR GETAWAY BEFORE THE LAW CATCHES WISE, EH?

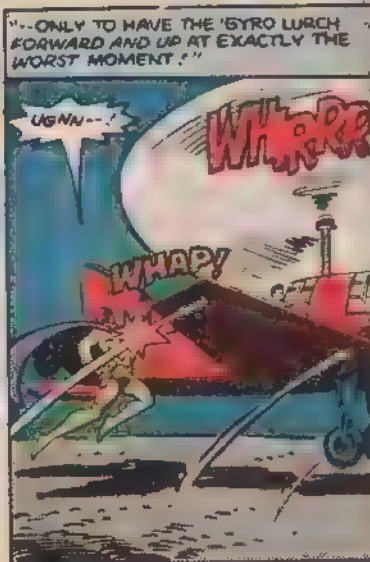
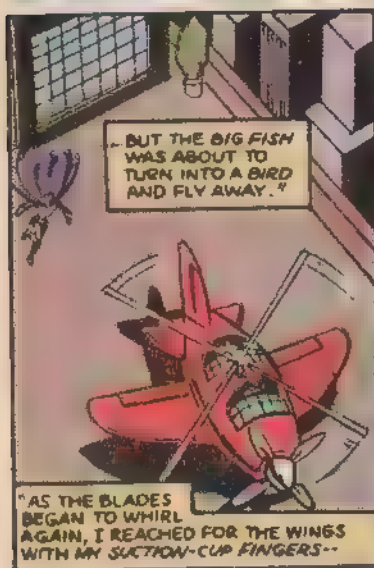
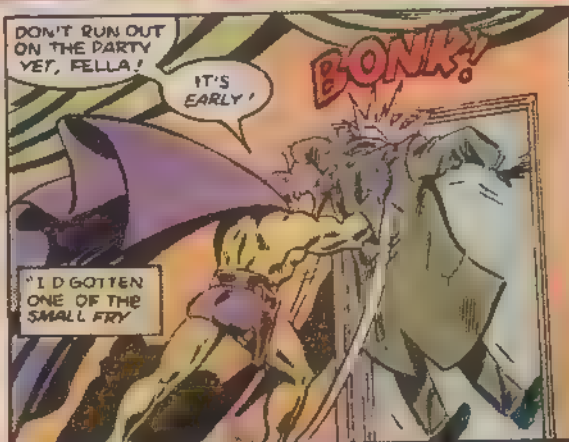
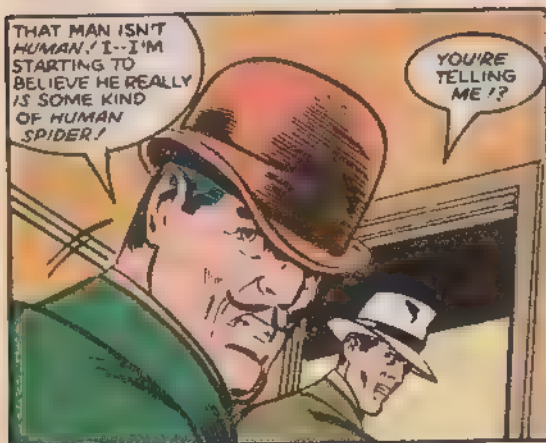
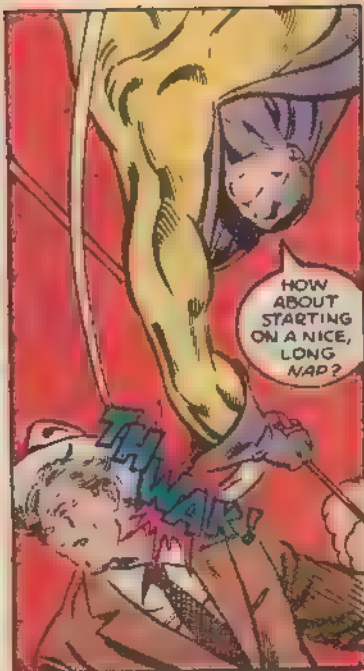
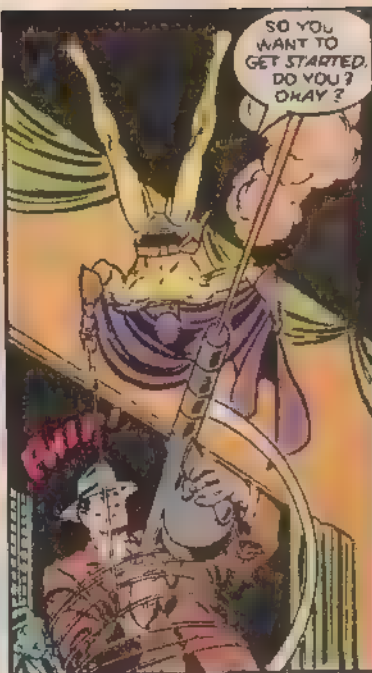
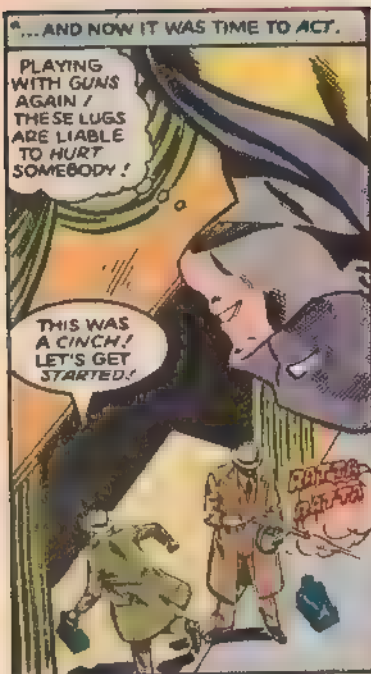
YEAH, BOSS, BUT-- WHERE IS PUGS? HE OUGHTA BE HERE BY NOW.

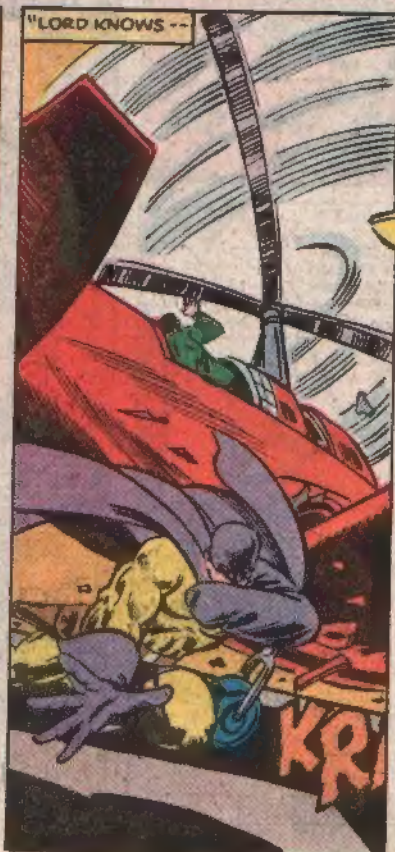
LEAVE HIM. HE'LL GET OUT-- IF HE'S CLEVER!



"NATURALLY, I HADN'T JAMMED THE ELEVATORS AT ALL."

"I'D SIMPLY USED THE ELEVATOR MOTOR ROOM TO PULL A SWIFT CHANGE..."







"IT WAS MY FIRST CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH, AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU I WAS... WELL, SHAKEN. LATER..."

MR. LAW!

I--I HEARD ON DER RADIO ABOUT DOT ACEY-DEUCEY--UND WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME HOME, I WAS SO SCARED...

TO TELL THE TRUTH... I WAS KIND-OF SCARED MYSELF.

GOOT! ONLY A FOOL WOULDN'T BE! BUT I'M PROUD, AFTER ALL, DOT YOU VENT OUT UND GOT DOSE CROOKS.

BUT NOW, WITH DOT TERRIBLE MAN GONE, YOU VON'T BE GOING SPIDER-IN' AGAIN--VILL YOU?

AFRAID I WILL, OLGA. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STOP GUYS LIKE ACE-DEUCE. BESIDES, IT'S RESEARCH FOR MY BOOK.

IN ADDITION TO WHICH--I SORT OF LIKE IT!

"SO NATURALLY, A FEW MONTHS LATER, WHEN THE CALL CAME FROM LIBERTY BELLE, I WAS NOT TO TROT..."

"--AND I BECAME AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON."

"AND WHEN I FORGOT MY ORIGINAL COSTUME, OLGA MADE ME A NEW ONE SHE HAD DESIGNED..."

DER BAD VONS VILL RUN LIKE DER DEFFIL, WHEN DEY SEE YOU IN DOT?

YEAH, IT'S BEEN AN INTERESTING YEAR, ALL RIGHT... NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT.

STILL, I'M BASICALLY A WRITER.

ONE OF THESE DAYS, I MIGHT GO BACK TO JUST WRITING ABOUT MYSTERY-MEN, AND STOP TRYING TO BE ONE.

BUT UNTIL THEN--IN ANY COSTUME, BY ANY NAME--

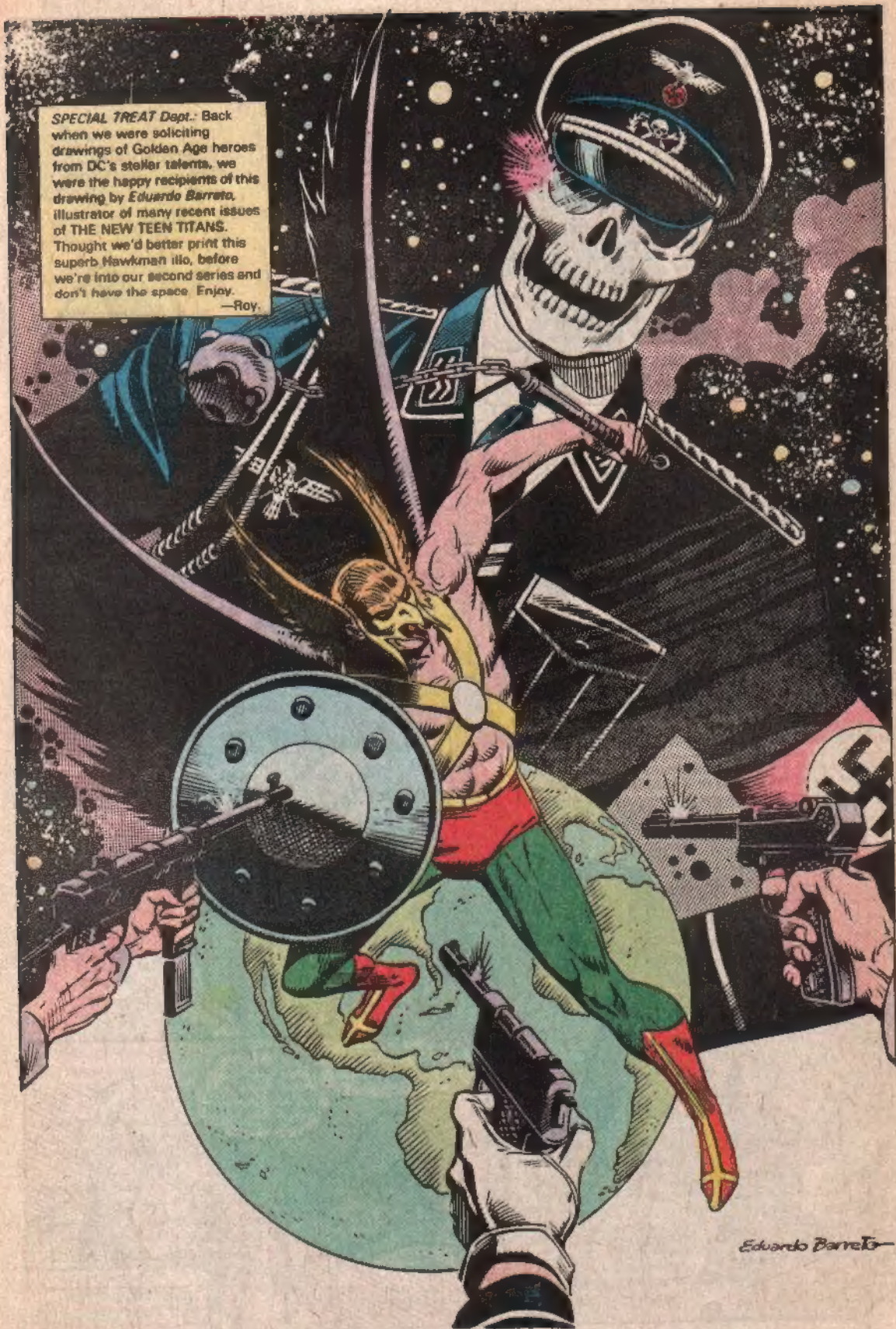
--THIS IS ONE TYPE-WRITER JOCKEY WHO'S HAVING A BALL!

YOU KNOW, THEY JUST MIGHT, AT THAT! THANKS.

NEXT:
LAST ISSUE SPECIAL!
THE FIRST CASE OF THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY!

SPECIAL TREAT Dept.: Back when we were soliciting drawings of Golden Age heroes from DC's stellar talents, we were the happy recipients of this drawing by Eduardo Barreto, illustrator of many recent issues of **THE NEW TEEN TITANS**. Thought we'd better print this superb Hawkman illo, before we're into our second series and don't have the space. Enjoy.

—Roy.



Eduardo Barreto